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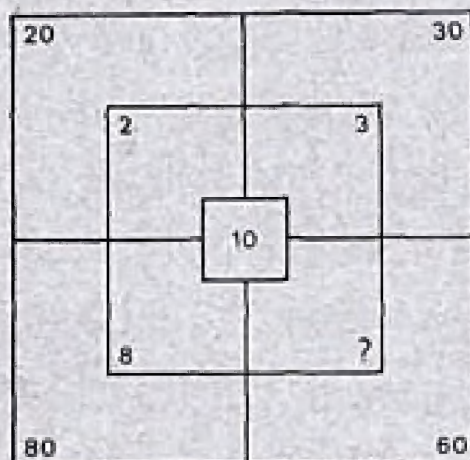


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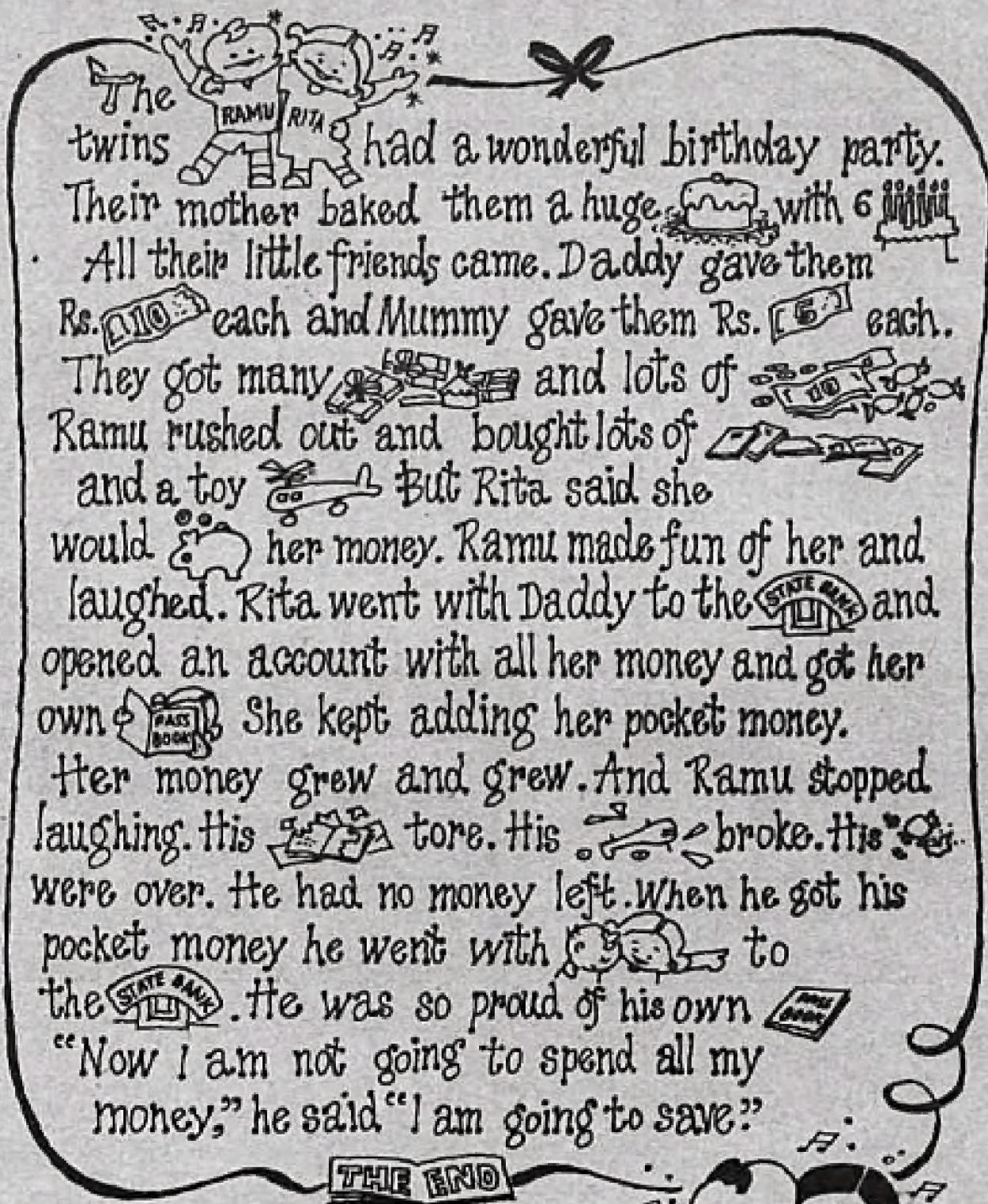
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Message received from the
Hon'ble Prime Minister
on the occasion of the
launching of the Sinhala
Edition of Chandamama



PRIME MINISTER

MESSAGE

By virtue of the clean and good
entertainment Chandamama Publications have
provided to children of India they have
earned a place for themselves in the hearts
of children and I am glad that they should
now wish to spread out to Sri Lanka.

I congratulate them on their new
venture and trust that they will be as
popular with the Sinhalese children as they
have been with Indian children.

Morarji Deasai
(Morarji Deasai)

New Delhi,
June 3, 1978.



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CHANDAMAMA

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No. 2

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

SAVITRI—A LEGEND AND A SYMBOL

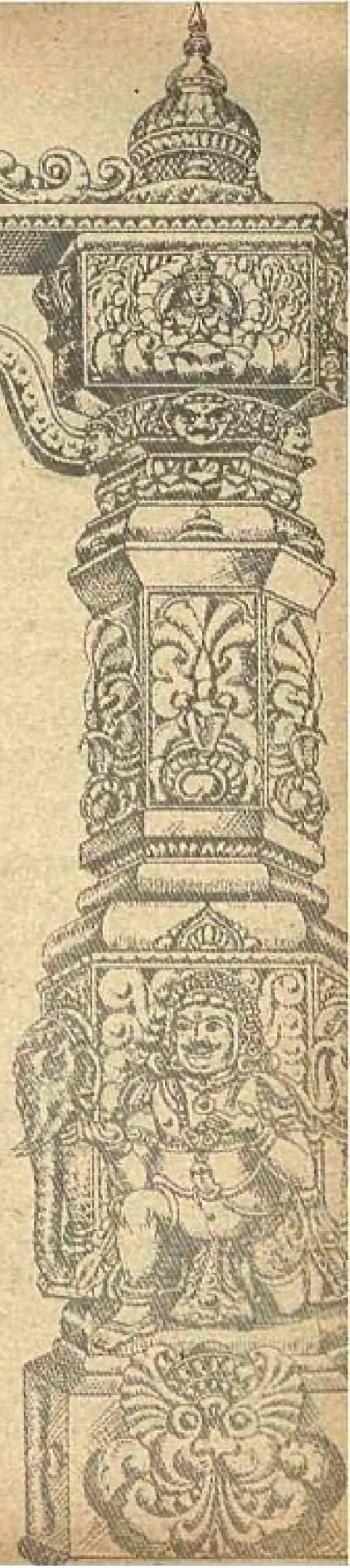
Where was **Madradesha** that was once ruled by King Aswapathy, Savitri's father? Some say it was situated between Kashmir and the river Chenub. Others say, the land known today as Afghanistan was the **Madradesha** of the bygone days.

Thousands of years have passed since the age of Aswapathy. Even the geography of **Bharata** has changed. Yet, the legend of Savitri (see the **Story of India** in this issue) has continued to be extremely dear to the Indian people.

Savitri outwitted the God of Death and won back her husband's life. But did she achieve this only by the dint of her wit? No. Great was her spiritual strength. Her pure love, supported by the spiritual strength, won a victory over death, even though temporarily.

Sri Aurobindo, the seer-poet (incidentally whose birthday occurs this month – on the 15th), saw in this legend a significant symbol. If Savitri's love changed Satyavan's destiny, one day the advent of Divine Love ought to change the destiny of man and conquer death for humanity. Sri Aurobindo's **Savitri**, one of the greatest epics ever written, uses the legend for revealing the spiritual future of man.

Thus the immortal legend of Savitri has received a new meaning in our own age.





GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

न संशयमनाबह्य नरो भद्राणि पश्यति ।
संशयं पुनराबह्य यदि जीवति पश्यति ॥

Na saṁśayamanāruhya naro bhadraṇi paśyati
Saṁśayaṁ punarāruhya yadi jīvati paśyati

One cannot attain prosperity without taking chances. If one survives the risks involved in taking chances, one attains prosperity.

The Hitopadeshah

प्रारभ्यते न खलु विघ्नभयेन नीचैः
प्रारभ्य विघ्नविहता विरमन्ति मध्याः ।
विघ्नैः सहस्रगुणितैरपि हन्यमानाः
प्रारब्धमुत्तमगुणा न परित्यजन्ति ॥

Prārabhyate na khalu vighnabhayena nīcaiḥ
Prārabhya vighnavihatā viramanti madhyāḥ
Vighnaiḥ sahasraguṇitairapi hanyamānāḥ
Prārabdhamuttamaguṇā na parityajanti

Inferior people do not undertake any enterprise for the fear of facing obstacles. Those of the middle category begin enterprise, but abandon it when they face difficulty. But the best of people never give up a work once they have undertaken it, even if confronted by a thousand difficulties.

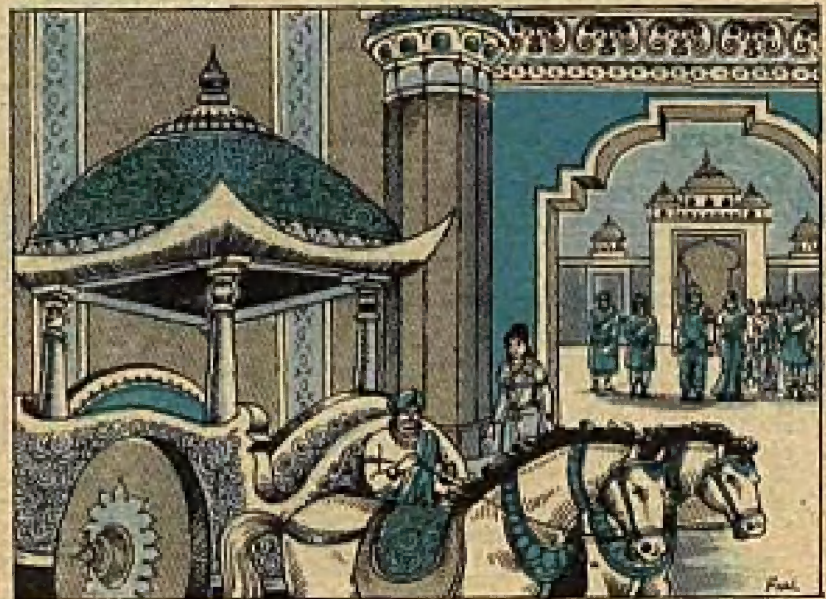
The Panchatantram

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH



King Aswapathy of Madra was a great Yogi. For long did he concentrate on Goddess Savitri and at last when the goddess appeared before him, he asked for the boon of a spiritually enlightened child.

At Savitri's boon a daughter was born to the king. Luminous in appearance and divine in nature, the Princess was named Savitri. When she came of age, the king asked her to go in quest of her consort.

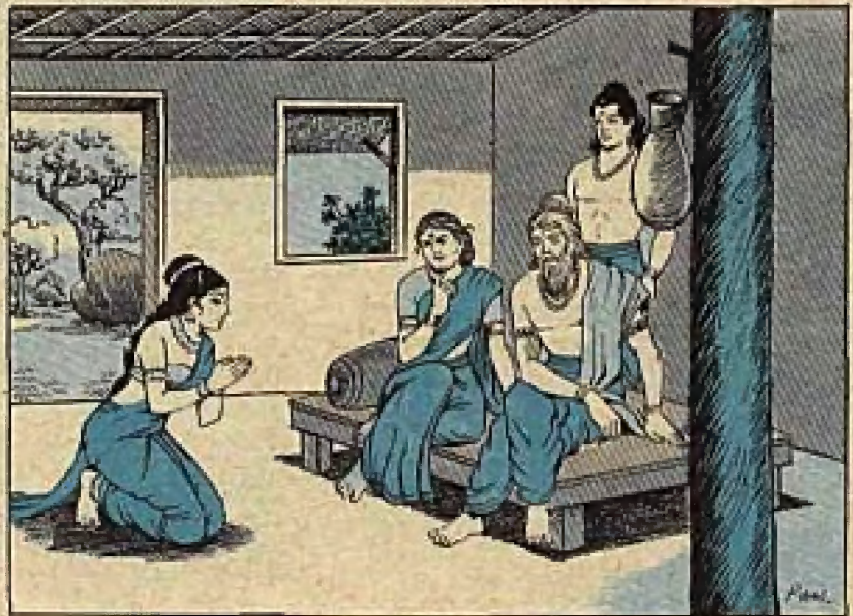


Passing through many kingdoms, Savitri entered a forest. There she met Satyavan, the son of the exiled blind king, Dyumatsen of Salwa. At once she knew that she had met her consort in Satyavan, the brave and truthful prince.



But as Savitri returned to her parents to inform them about the success of her mission, Sage Narada revealed that Satyavan, though a great soul, was doomed to die in a year. They dissuaded Savitri from marrying him.

But once she had made a decision, she would not swerve from it. She married Satyavan and went to live with him in his forest dwelling. Great was the happiness of the blind king Dyumatsen, his queen, and Satyavan.



Savitri alone knew of the impending doom. Through an intense, silent *Tapasya*, she prepared herself to face the situation. The day arrived. When Satyavan went out into the forest for gathering wood and fruits, she accompanied him.



With great will-power, Savitri remained calm and quiet. Satyavan was very happy that Savitri was with her. Merrily talking to her, he climbed a tree to cut wood. But all on a sudden he complained of an unbearable pain in head.



Savitri knew that the hour had come. Satyavan got down and slept with his head on Savitri's lap. As Savitri remained engrossed in *tapasya*, Satyavan passed away. Now was the time for Savitri to prove her inner strength.

Savitri felt someone's presence near her. She opened her eyes and saw the mighty God of Death, Yama, Himself come to take charge of Satyavan's soul. Savitri greeted Him, and Yama was delighted to meet in her a great soul.





As Yama began moving away with Satyavan's soul, Savitri followed Him. Yama offered her any three boons, but He would not give back Satyavan's life. Savitri secured sight and the lost kingdom for Dyumatsen and the promise of sons for Aswapathy.

Even then Savitri would not retreat. Immensely moved by her sincerity, Yama offered her a fourth boon. Savitri wished to have a hundred sons. Yama agreed. Only then He realised that the boon cannot be fruitful unless Satyavan is restored to life. He is obliged to resurrect Satyavan.



In the meanwhile King Dyumatsen has got back his vision. His subjects had come into the forest in search of him, because his lost kingdom has been recovered from his enemies. The king, the queen, and the subjects were searching for Satyavan. All were united amidst great rejoicing.



LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

MEDITATION WITH CATS

At the foot of the hill, on the river-bank, lived a hermit. The forest around the hill supplied him with the fruits and vegetables he needed and the water of the river was pure. The people of the nearby villages were happy to repair his hut from time to time and they gave him clothes. In fact, they would be happy to give anything the hermit would need, but his needs were few.

Many people came to meet the hermit. They took his advice and went away. But one stuck on to him; although the hermit had never asked him to do so. But, in all fairness to the man, it must be admitted that he served his master well.

He claimed himself the hermit's chief disciple and the hermit did not mind that! The people called him Chelababa.

One night, in his vision, the hermit received a call from his guru who lived in the Himalayas.

"I am off to the Himalayas!" he announced to Chelababa, in the morning.

"Please allow me to accompany you," said Chelababa.

The hermit smiled and expressed his inability to do so.

"When will you be back here?" asked Chelababa anxiously.

"Why should I be back at all? I am an ascetic. I may go anywhere I like. I have no

attachment to any place," replied the hermit.

"What will happen to this beautiful hut?" asked Chelababa with great concern.

The hermit laughed and said, "The hut is for me; I am not for the hut. So many castles and forts have been reduced to dust through the centuries. What does it matter if a hut is gone?"

Chelababa did not appear to appreciate the reply. He wept and said, "No, Master, please allow me to be here, to continue your tradition, till you return."

The hermit took pity on the man who, after all, had served

him so well, and allowed him to be there, claiming himself to be his disciple and heir, as he was wont to do.

The hermit roamed about in the Himalayas after he had met his guru. Years passed—twenty-five years. Suddenly he remembered his hut on the river and the man whom he had left there. He decided to pay a visit to the place.

He walked for several months and approached the hill. Much had changed in that region and nobody recognised him. On his way to his old hut, he came across a fair. To his great surprise he found it



devoted to the sale of kittens only!

"This one is bound to grow up to be a wonderful tom cat, most suitable for meditation," one seller exclaimed upholding a black and white kitten.

"Mine is destined to be the finest tabby in this region—the right type for meditation!" shouted another.

"Come here, these kittens are the direct descendants of the one with whom the great hermit himself meditated!" declared a third one.

The hermit was perplexed. He took a man aside and observed, "Gentleman, I have

never seen a cat fair anywhere!"

"How can you? Chelababa's disciples live mostly in this area. Naturally, cat is so important here and we have this quarterly fair!" said the man.

The statement did not satisfy the hermit's curiosity. He advanced towards his old hut. On the way he heard an old man chiding his son, "How could you think of meditating without a cat tied to the pillar? What will Chelababa think of you if he comes to hear of such an outrage?"

Still more puzzled, the hermit reached the river-bank. His old hut was still there, but it



was maintained as a sacred shrine. His servant, Chelababa, lived in a nice building built by his disciples. A number of disciples lived with him.

All looked at him with surprise. But nobody dared to stop him. The hermit pushed on to Chelababa's room. It was evening. Chelababa sat in meditation. Before him lay a cat, tied by a rope to a pillar.

As the hermit looked on with compassion, he saw in his seer-vision all that had happened. A quarter of a century ago, he had a pet cat. The pet was in the habit of playing with him whenever it found him sitting. So, when he sat for meditation, he tied it to a pillar. Chelababa had observed his practice and had concluded that tying a cat to a pillar was a must for medi-

tation.

Soon Chelababa opened his eyes and saw his master. He was about to cry out in joy. But the hermit stopped him in time and said, "I have no desire to attract a crowd. I must leave this place forthwith."

"Master! Please take me with you this time," pleaded Chelababa, in tears.

The hermit realised that his pleading was genuine. Rather foolish though, Chelababa was a good soul.

"All right. Meet me on the other side of the hill, alone, after a week. In the meanwhile announce to your disciples that the age when meditation had to be done with cats tied to the pillars has passed. Now they can meditate without the cat," advised the hermit and he left for the hill.



THE AMBITIOUS PRIEST

Ram Shastri was the priest in a village temple. The people of the village respected him and took care of all his needs. But Ram Shastri thought that there was nobody in the area to properly recognise his scholarship.

One day he heard that the king was about to perform a *Yajna* and that he was in need of a scholarly priest.

Ram Shastri resigned his priesthood. Next he sold out his house, for, as the king's priest he looked forward to living in a much better house.

He arrived in the capital only to hear that because of a death in the family the king has postponed the *Yajna* indefinitely.

Ram Shastri returned to his village. But the villagers had by then appointed another priest.



The Prince

and the WIZARD

(The brave Badal has caused concern to King Bhuvansingh. The royal detectives locate the hideout of the rebels in the forest and one night the king's army swoops down upon the camp. At Badal's timely advice, the rebels escape. However he cannot save their Master who got injured, caught in a fire. While dying, the old man revealed that Badal was none other than the grandson of the rightful king of the land who had been killed by King Bhuvansingh's father.)

8

Evening had set in.

The sounds of bells and conchshells were heard from the various temples in the city.

Badal and Ramu advanced towards the palace, along a lonely road. Suddenly Badal laughed.

"My dear friend, since the fateful night when our camp was raided, you have grown so grave! I have become accustomed to your alarming silence. But your sudden laughter really frightens me," observed Ramu.

"Ramu! This beautiful city of Sundarpur was founded by my ancestors. I am the heir to the throne of this kingdom. Is it not funny that I must wander the city streets uncared for as a beggar? Is it not funny that I must try to sneak into the

castle built by my forefathers like a thief? How can I refrain from laughing?" said Badal.

They walked in silence for a while. Then spoke Ramu again, keeping his voice low, "O Prince..."

Badal clamped his palm on Ramu's mouth. "Will you please continue to address me as Badal? If you must address me otherwise, then wait till..."

"Till the time when I can address you as my lord, the king!" Ramu cut in, as soon as Badal removed his hand.

"Till the time when I can address you as my learned minister," said Badal softly.

Both giggled, but only for a brief moment. Their mission for the night was too ominous to let them revel in any wishful thinking.

"My friend, what I wanted to say is, should we not wait for some more days?" asked Ramu.

Badal cast a stern glance at his friend and said grimly, "Ramu, did the enemy wait? At the earliest opportunity they struck. The situation is plain. They killed our Master. We must avenge his death. For accomplishing this task, there will never be anything as a favourable opportunity. The usurper, Bhuvansingh, will not invite me into his palace and offer me a dagger to kill him. I have to take my chance risking my life, now or in future. Better I do it now while I am

in the grip of a call for vengeance. I owe this much to my ancestors."

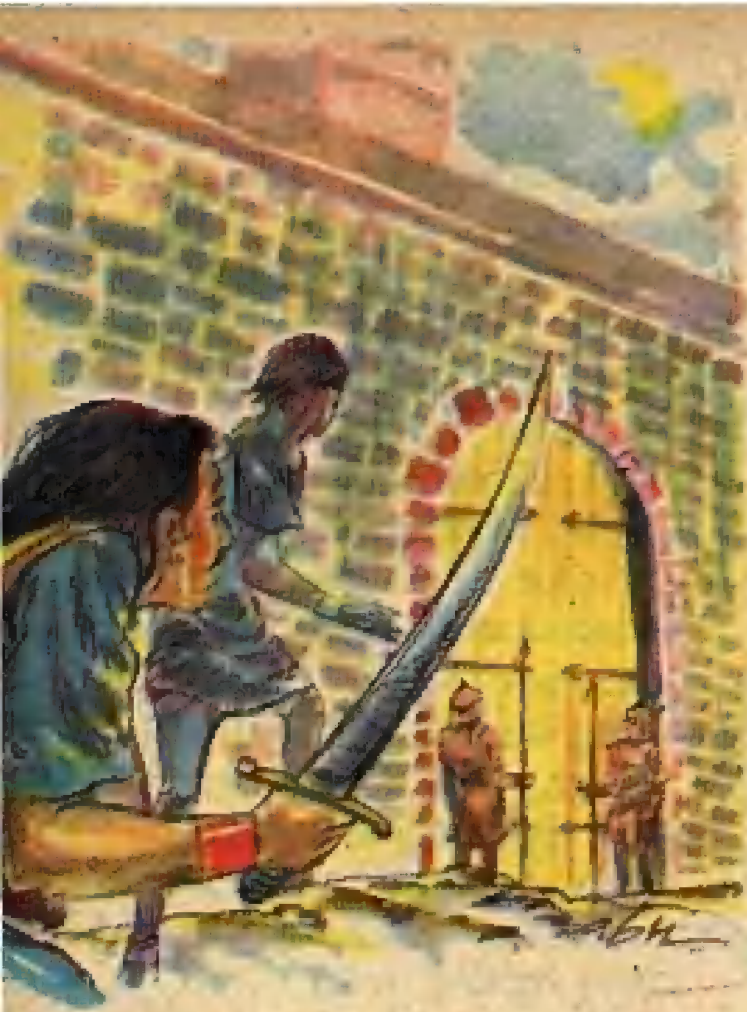
Ramu kept quiet. Soon they were on the square at the back of the castle.

A crowd had gathered on the square. The wizard and his disciple, Mangal, were carrying on a spine-tingling performance. The spectators were agog with excitement. At the wizard waving his wand, the turban of a wealthy merchant flew off and sat on the head of a beggar.

"My turban, my turban!" shouted the merchant. "I have money tucked in it!"

As soon as the beggar heard this, he prepared to run away





with the turban. But the next moment, at another movement of the wizard's wand, the turban turned into a snake coiled on the fellow's head. He cried in horror as others shrieked pointing their fingers at his head, bouncing back from him.

The wizard laughed aloud and the snake dissolved and the merchant got back his turban.

Two sentries guarded the rear gate of the palace. One of them had joined the crowd. The other one was obliged to keep standing at the gate, although his mind was at the magic show.

Not far from the gate, at a

turn of the high compound wall, stood Badal and Ramu.

"Ramu, look at the sky. In a minute the floating cloud will hide the moon. That is when the sentry's attention must be diverted," whispered Badal.

Ramu nodded and walked in the opposite direction. Within minutes the moonlight became dim. Immediately there was heard, from a few yards after, a disgusting noise which sounded like a quarrel between two cats. The guard raised his lathi and ran in the direction of the noise, only to find a passer-by who seemed to have already driven away the cats. The passer-by greeted the guard after a rude comment on the uncivilised conduct of the cats, and joined the crowd which stood enchanted at the wizard's performance.

Needless to say, the passer-by was none other than Ramu. Needless to say further, that there had been no cats. Ramu was a pastmaster in mimicking animals and birds.

Badal stole into the compound taking advantage of the guard's momentary diversion.

For a long time thereafter the wizard went on with his show. Ramu observed that time and

again, in the course of his performance, he cast brief looks at the terrace of the palace. Ramu could understand that the fellow desired to attract the attention of the inmates of the palace.

Badal would not embark upon the next phase of his mission before midnight. It was fraught with grave risks. Ramu felt extremely tense and restless. Although it was Badal's instruction that he should wait for him amidst the ruins of a temple a mile away, Ramu could not induce himself to leave the area.

As the wizard announced the end of his performance, a royal messenger met him and in-

formed him that the king would be happy to witness his wizardry once.

"I will deem it a great privilege to please the king," said the wizard who looked delighted. It was decided that the messenger would meet him the next day at a tavern and fix up the date for his entertaining the king and his court.

Ramu decided to linger on till it was midnight. He followed the wizard and the latter's disciple to the tavern which was nearby.

All was quiet. It was already midnight. Ramu sat on the veranda of the tavern and gazed at the upper floor of the palace.



But the moonlight was not sufficient to reveal any movement in that huge building.

Suddenly someone raised a cry. It was soon reciprocated by more cries. Next moment the whole palace seemed to be in a turmoil. The palace guards and maids ran along the terrace. In the light of the torches and lanterns which some of them held, Ramu could see their shadow-like figures.

Indeed, the commotion in the palace was great. A guard had accidentally seen a figure near the window of the king's bedroom. Being challenged, the intruder flashed a dagger and tried to silence the guard by

terrorising him. But the guard raised a cry of alarm. Other guards joined him. The intruder tried to escape. But he was being given a hot chase. However, he proved more than a match for all his pursuers. He shuttled like a string of lightning; he could jump from one balcony to another with the ease of a leopard, and sometimes he abruptly turned and pushed through the very guards who chased him.

Surprised at the hullabaloo, Princess Pratiba opened the door of her room. Instantly someone came dashing in. She stepped back in horror and the stranger slammed the door and



stood pressing his back against it, fixing his gaze on the princess.

"Please do not cry out, O Princess, I mean no harm to you," murmured the intruder, sweating and panting.

The princess had been too panicky to shriek. But the voice of the stranger sounded familiar. In a trembling hand, she raised a lamp to see the stranger's face.

Badal smiled. The princess lowered the lamp. Her panic changed into simple wonder.

"They are after me, O Princess. You may give me up, if you so please. I am at your disposal," said Badal softly.

"But why did you enter the

palace in this strange manner?" asked the princess.

"For me, there was no other way to enter it," replied Badal.

"But, what was the need of it?" asked the princess.

Badal kept quiet.

There were mild knocks on the door. Badal advanced a few steps towards the princess.

"O Princess, there is no time to lose. One day I will explain to you the reason of my strange conduct, if you allow me to escape. Now, you have to take a decision—whether to save me or to hand me over to my would-be killers," Badal said.

There were knocks again.

(to be continued)



ILANGO ADIGAL

Two young princes were playing in front of the palace. A savant who had just been received by the illustrious king, pointed his finger at the younger prince and told the king, "This son, my lord, should make a worthy successor of yours!"

The princes overheard the savant's words. The elder prince's face paled. He loved his younger brother, true, but it was painful for him to hear that it was not he but the younger prince who would succeed his father.

The younger prince appreciated the mood of his brother. He forthwith decided to leave the court and lead the life of an ascetic. Nothing would dissuade him from carrying out his decision. He went and lived in a monastery.

In due course he saw his elder brother crowned. The bond of affection between the two brothers was never snapped. The ascetic prince grew famous as a philosopher and poet; his elder brother grew famous as a

king.

The princes belonged to the Chera dynasty who ruled a part of southern India centuries ago, with their capital at Vanji. The elder brother is remembered as King Shenguttuvan. The younger brother's real name is lost to time, but even better known is he as Ilango Adigal. Ilango means a young prince. Adigal means an ascetic.

This ascetic prince lived about eighteen hundred years ago. We do not know much about him, but it is due to him that we know much about the society and the civilization of the time. He has left for the posterity a great epic, *Shilappadikaram*, or "The Ankle Bracelet", which is among the greatest works of Indian Literature. The ancient Tamil Literature had three glorious creative periods, known as *Sangams*. *Shilappadikaram*, written during the third *Sangam* period which ended in the third century A.D. has exercised a great influence on both poetry and fiction of the later ages.

Although written in sweet verse, the moving story of the epic reads like a complete novel:

Among the famous ruling dynasties of southern India were the Pandyas, the Cholas and the Cheras. In the city of Kaveripumpattinam, the capital of the Cholas, lived a prosperous young man named Kovalan. He married Kannagi, the daughter of a noble family.

They were the most charming couple in the city. But as luck would have it, Kovalan failed to be prudent. He wasted his wealth and was reduced to misery.

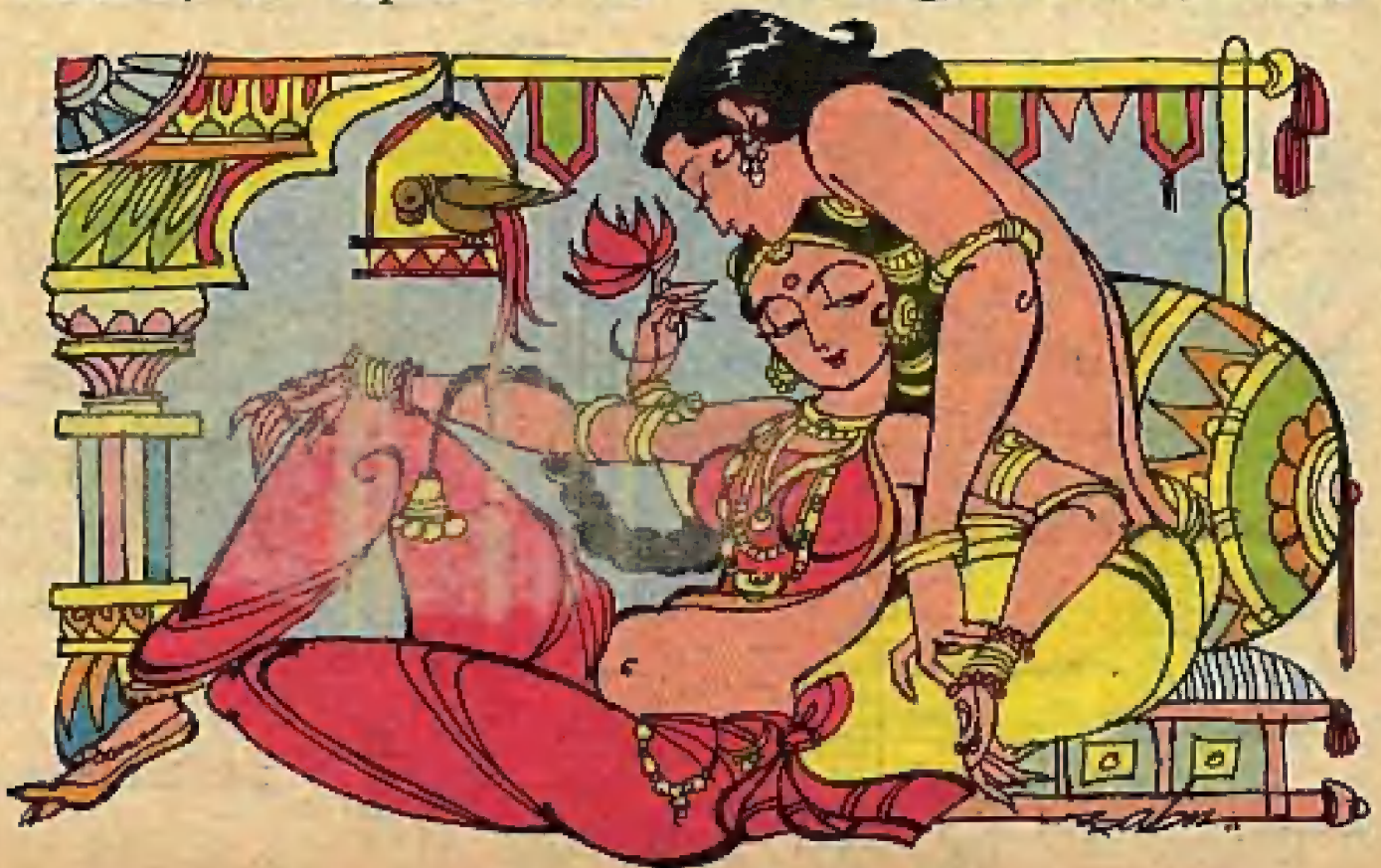
Repentant of his conduct, he decided to visit the city of Madurai, the capital of the

Pandyas, to give a new start to his life. His faithful wife accompanied him.

After an arduous journey, they reached the beautiful city. Kovalan left Kannagi with a kind cowherd family and went into the city, carrying with him an anklet of Kannagi.

It so happened that a valuable anklet of the queen had been stolen. The goldsmith who was involved in the theft happened to see the anklet carried by Kovalan for sale. He was living under the fear of being caught any time. So, he thought it clever to get Kovalan captured as the thief to satisfy the king's wrath.

The king, in his haste, ordered



that whoever had been caught with the anklet be put to death.

The king's guards killed Kovalan.

Indescribable was the agony of Kannagi when she heard of her husband's fate. She ran through the city, protesting. She appeared before the king and the queen and proved her husband's innocence. The Pandyas were famous for their rule of justice. The king, shocked at his own wrong doing, died instantly. The queen did not survive him. By the power of her purity Kannagi invoked the God of Fire and asked him to consume the entire city, sparing only the holy and the virtuous, cows, chaste women,

old people and children. Instantly the city went off in fire.

Kannagi travelled to the neighbouring land of the Cheras. There, while she sat under a tree in a forest, some forest-dwellers saw her. As they looked on she grew luminous and disappeared heavenward. King Shenguttuvan, along with his brother Ilango Adigal, heard the strange incident from the forest-dwellers upon a visit to the hills. While the king brought a slab of stone from the Himalayas and erected a statue of Kannagi, his poet brother decided to write an epic on Kannagi and Kovalan.

Thus was the literature enriched by *Shilappadikaram*.



fond of her. The princess was no different in her affection for me.

On the fourth day, I told her, "O Princess, have you forgotten the charm of the sunlight and the open breeze? Come on, let us run away."

"The genie will find us out and that will mean our end!" said the princess.

I was filled with hatred and anger for the genie.

"I am sure, if I destroy the talisman, the genie too would be destroyed," I said and, before the princess had any chance to check me, I planted a hard kick on the talisman in order to shatter it to pieces.

The talisman did not break; there were terrific sounds and the underground castle shook like a reed in a storm.

"Get away, get away, dear prince!" shouted the princess and she shoved me onto the staircase. Coming out to the open, I ran towards my host's house.

I had hardly crossed the forest when I heard the sound of heavy footsteps behind me. Next moment the genie caught hold of me.

"You fool, how did you expect to escape detection leaving behind you your axe?" he hollered and grabbed me and carried me back into the under-





ground castle.

On the floor lay the princess, senseless. I felt like going mad when I realised that she had been tortured.

The genie kicked her and she opened her eyes.

"I will spare one of you, the one who will come forward to behead the other," announced the genie.

I gnashed my teeth and the princess wept.

"I see, you are not amenable to my condition," shouted the genie. "You should see how ruthless a genie can be."

Before my eyes, he killed the princess. Although I knew how

puny was my strength in comparison with his, I flew at him. Instantly he muttered an incantation and threw a pinch of ash on me. I turned into an ape!

I bounced out of the castle and breathed heavily in the open. Jumping from tree to tree and running through meadows, I reached the top of a mountain. On the other side was the sea. I saw a small bark floating. Without much thought I jumped into it and was soon carried into the sea.

A day or two later I found a ship. I gibbered on and attracted the attention of the crew on board. When my bark and the ship came closer, I hopped on to the ship and took hold of the feet of the captain and shed tears. The captain took an instant liking for me and provided me with food and shelter. I could not speak. Hence nobody knew who I really was. But my human conduct charmed all.

A fortnight later the ship reached a harbour. Soon a delegation of the local king's courtiers met the captain and asked him to write a few words of wisdom on a scroll. They also obliged all the other officers

of the ship to do the same. The king had lost his old minister and in this way he was trying to find out who was the wisest man to occupy the vacant position.

When the courtiers were about to leave the ship, I took hold of the scroll with one hand and extended the other hand at the captain. He had no doubt in his mind about my being an ape with exceptional qualities. He gave me his quill. I wrote six stanzas in six languages and put my signature to them.

The amazed courtiers left and they duly presented the scroll to their king.

"Produce this scholar before me forthwith," commanded the king, pointing at the stanzas written by me.

"He is no scholar, but an ape," informed the courtiers. That infuriated the king who thought that they were joking. The courtiers came running to the ship and requested the captain to let the king see me. The captain dressed me up gorgeously and I was led to the court on horseback, at the head of a procession. The story of the scholar-ape had already spread in the town. A large number of people flanked the



road and crowded on house-tops to have a glimpse of me.

After the king had been satisfied of my virtues, he called his only child, the princess, to see me and share his amusement. As soon as the lovely princess saw me, she looked grave.

"Father, we should not make fun of him. He is no ape, but a noble prince!" said she.

The princess, when a child, had for her nurse a woman who knew wizardry. She had taught her how to find out if a man had been enchanted and turned into an animal.

"Father, although it is risky, I can try to restore the prince



to his true form. He has suffered much for no fault of his," said the princess.

"Do the needful, my daughter. If you succeed in your effort and if the prince is found not lacking in average grace, I will marry you to him," said the king.

The princess drew a circle with some black liquid and stood within it reciting incantations. After a while we could hear a fearsome roar. There stood a tiger before her. From the eyes of the beast I could understand that it was the wicked genie.

As soon as the tiger opened

its jaws, the princess plucked a hair from her own head and uttered a hymn and threw it on the beast. The hair changed into a sword and cut the tiger into two.

Next moment the tiger's head turned into a gigantic scorpion. The princess changed into a serpent and fought it. The scorpion then changed into an eagle and flew away. The serpent too changed into an eagle—a bigger one—and pursued it.

As we stood dazed, there appeared a horrible cat before us. Next we saw a wolf chasing it. I understood that the genie had changed into the cat and the princess into the wolf.

Next, when the cat was about to be caught by the wolf, it changed into a worm and crept into a pomegranate. The fruit burst and its seeds scattered on the ground. The wolf instantly changed into a hen and gobbled up the seeds. But one seed had rolled to the brink of the river which flowed by the palace. By the time the hen reached the riverbank, the seed fell into the water and was lost.

Suddenly we heard a ear-splitting noise. To our great horror, we saw both the princess and the genie in flames. They

were spouting fire at each other. The genie once looked at us and sparks from him scorched us and burnt the king's beard and blinded my right eye.

"The wicked genie is finished!" shouted the princess. We saw her standing before us in her normal form. There was a heap of ash where the genie stood.

Then the princess sprinkled on me some water made holy by her hymns. Lo and behold, I stood there as the prince, though blind in my right eye.

As we would rejoice, we saw the princess falling down.

"What is the matter with you, my sweet daughter?" asked the

king.

"It is the fire. It has entered deep into my being. It is consuming me. Had I been able to find the one seed that slipped into the river, I would have been totally victorious. But it was not to be so!"

The princess breathed her last. A magnificence monument was made on her tomb.

While the king and all his subjects wept over the death of their beloved princess, I left the kingdom. I had been the cause of the death of two lovely princesses. I have been wandering as a mendicant ever since and have no desire to return to my land left far behind.





JULIUS CAESAR

Two thousand years ago the Republic of Rome, which was ruled by a council known as the Senate, had a brave general, Julius Caesar. But the general, by virtue of his bravery, generosity and dashing nature became the dictator over the nation. He did not stop there. He even wished to see himself crowned as the emperor.

This made many noblemen anxious. They all shared power in a republic. But under a dictator they were ciphers.

They conspired against Caesar. Their leader was Cassius. The conspirators soon enrolled the support of Brutus. This idealist was Caesar's friend, but the interest of the republic weighed heavier in his conscience than his friendship.

One stormy night Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, dreamt many evil signs. In the morning she pleaded with her husband not to move out of the home that day, to avoid any danger be-

falling him. Caesar replied, "Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once." Even then he would have stayed back had one of the conspirators not lied to him that the Senators had decided to make him the emperor!

Soon after Caesar entered the Senate the conspirators pressed closer to him and together they began stabbing him.

The surprised Caesar could have offered resistance. But if he did not, it was because he saw his dear friend Brutus too is raising his dagger at him. Caesar cried, "Et tu, Brute!" (You too, Brutus!) and he allowed them to stab him to death.

All seemed well with the conspirators until Caesar's dear lieutenant Mark Antony shrewdly obtained Brutus's permission to make a speech before the mob, on the occasion of Caesar's funeral. By and by he proved to the people that

R Caesar loved them like a father and had done none any wrong and that his murder was a blatant act of treachery. The mob rose to avenge Caesar's death. Antony, Octavius (Caesar's nephew), and Lepidus united and fought the conspirators. Soon the idealist Brutus found his fellow-conspi-

rators mean. He and Cassius quarrelled and then reconciled. But they were defeated and they killed themselves. The last words of Brutus, who was haunted by Caesar's ghost, were, "Caesar, now be still."

Julius Caesar is among Shakespeare's most popular tragedies.



CASE ADJOURNED

Ravi studied law under a famous legal expert. When he finished his studies, the expert demanded a thousand rupees as his fees.

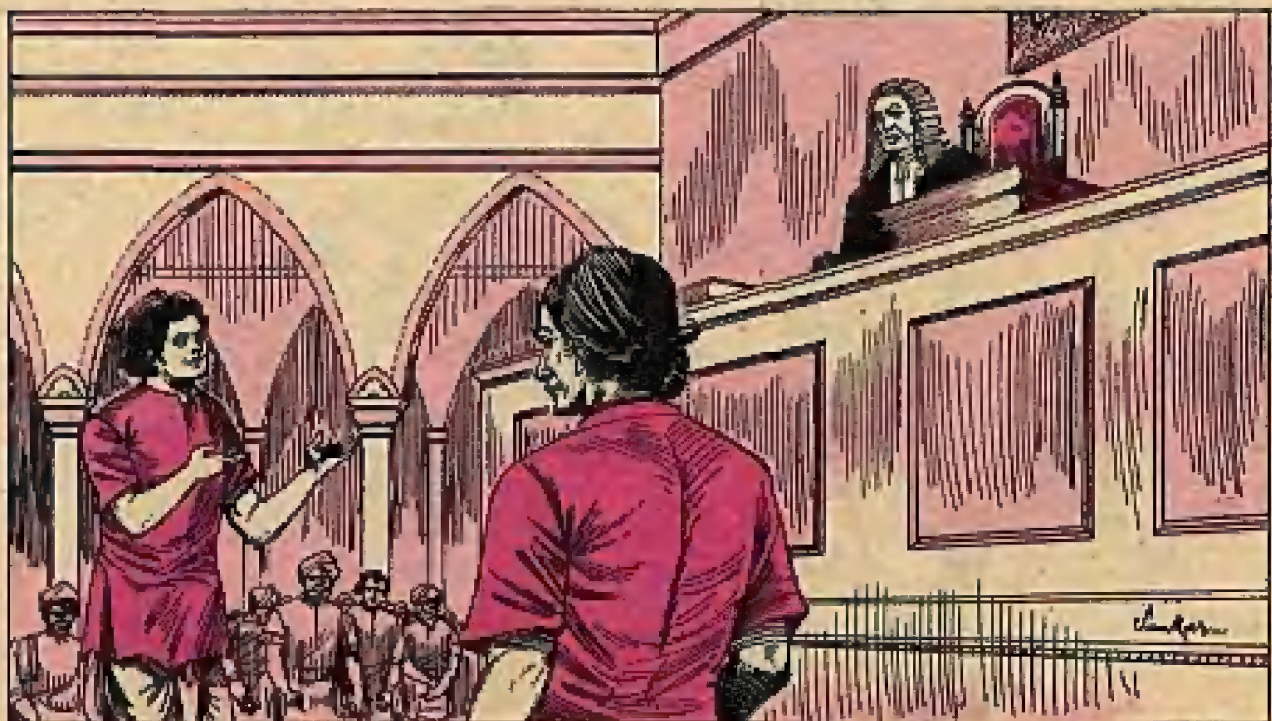
"I will give you the fees only if I win my first case in the court. That is the condition in our contract," said Ravi as he left.

To his dismay, the expert read the contract and saw that what Ravi said was true. He had overlooked this condition between himself and Ravi.

He took his complaint against Ravi to the court.

Questioned by the judge, Ravi said, "My lord, I am to pay him his fees if I win my first case. This is my first case. If you order me to pay him his dues, I lose the case. That will mean, I will not pay him. If you say that I need not pay him, he loses the case. He cannot claim his dues once he has lost the case!"

The judge adjourned the case for a hundred years !



THE PRISONER IN THE ROCK CASTLE

Subir was an officer in a big merchant ship. Once while the ship was returning to her native harbour, the captain told Subir, "Do you see the island yonder? I want you to sail there in a boat, for, our ship cannot lay at anchor on its shore. Look at the row of rocks. Below the tallest of them a man will be waiting for you. He will give you a letter for me.

As an obedient lieutenant of the captain, Subir sailed to the island, alone at night, and brought the letter.

The captain was very happy with Subir. But, he soon took to bed, beset with a mortal disease. He breathed his last even before the ship had touched the harbour. However, he had handed over two letters to Subir shortly before dying. One letter was to be given to the owner of the ship; the other one was to be given to a young



man whom Subir did not know.

Subir's colleague, Jai, whispered to him, "Let us read the letters!"

"No. That will be treacherous of us," replied Subir.

The two argued for a long time. Greatly annoyed, Jai threatened Subir, saying, "One night you had secretly visited an island. We know that in that island reside some rebels who are conspiring against our king. If you do not show the letters to me, I will report to the king that you are an accomplice of the rebels."

"Do whatever you like. I cannot let down my late captain.



It is his strict instruction not to read those letters," said Subir.

As soon as the ship reached the harbour Subir met her owner and informed him of the captain's death and also gave him the captain's letter. The dying captain's message to his master was to appoint Subir as the new captain of the ship. The ship-owner was happy to abide by the counsel. Jai protested, saying that it was he who deserved to be the captain. But the owner did not yield.

Delighted, Subir went home.

"My son, it is time for you to get married. Meet Sushila's father and fix up the date for

the ceremony," said his father.

Indeed, Subir desired to marry Sushila, a landlord's only daughter. He forthwith visited her house and the date was fixed. However, a young man named Chaman met him as he came out of Sushila's house and told him, "To be frank, I wish to marry Sushila. If you back out, I will give you a thousand gold mohurs."

"I can back out without any bribe if I know that Sushila also wishes to marry you," replied Subir.

"What is the value of Sushila's wish? It is her father who will choose a husband for her," said Chaman who was a rich merchant's son.

"I am afraid, I cannot oblige you," said Subir.

A day before his marriage Subir was arrested by the king's police. They led him to the minister.

"I hear that you are in alliance with some rebels!" charged the minister.

"All I did was to bring a letter from an island at my captain's order," said Subir.

"Where is the letter?" asked the minister.

Subir kept quiet. But in the meanwhile his house had been

searched and the bag which he used while in the ship had been brought there.

He opened the letter and began reading it. He looked pale and pensive.

"Have you read this letter? Do you know whom it is addressed?" he asked.

"No. I had been asked to give it to a young man who was to meet me at a certain place on a certain date," explained Subir.

The minister immediately burned the letter and signalled the police to take Subir away.

Subir was led into a deserted castle that stood on a rock two furlongs off the mainland. He was thrown into a dark cabin with only one door. Once a day the guards gave him some food and drink.

Weeks passed. Subir understood that he was doomed to die in that dungeon. Desperate, he began examining the walls.

At one place a slab of stone appeared to have become loose. After shaking it for several days finally Subir succeeded in removing it.

But to his disappointment the opening showed another cabin on the other side and not the



sea. However, gathering courage, Subir crept into the other cabin and found an old prisoner lying sick.

The old man took a great liking for Subir who now met him every day.

"I wonder who could have been the villain to have brought false accusation against me," one day murmured Subir.

"There may be three villains!" replied the old man.

"How do you say so?" asked Subir.

"Jai and Chaman are the first two. The third villain may be the minister himself. Why did he burn the letter instead

of setting a trap to catch the young man who was to receive the letter? I feel certain that the letter was addressed to someone who was dear to the minister. Thinking that you might have read the letter, he thought it safe to remove you from the scene," replied the old man.

A few days later the old man fell sick. He told Subir, "My son, I am going to die. You have been my only joy in these last days of my life. Listen to me carefully. You will find my death providing you with a golden opportunity to escape. After you make good your

escape, go to the rock island situated to its north. Dig at the centre of the third cave from the south. You will hit upon a treasure."

The old man's voice grew feeble. Subir could not understand what more he said. An hour later he died.

Subir crept back into his cabin and waited. In due course the old man's death was discovered. The guards rolled his deadbody in a mat and went out to arrange for a boat.

Subir deeply reflected on the old man's parting words that his death ought to give him a chance to escape. An idea



occurred to him in a flash. He removed the deadbody to his own cabin and himself got into the rolled mat.

The guards carried him into a boat. They rowed for some time and then threw the roll into the sea. It was evening.

Subir wriggled out of the roll and swam in the darkness. He looked around and found that he had been left quite close to the rock island.

He reached the island cutting through the waves and rested in the third cave. At day break he began his search for the buried wealth and was successful before long.

Feeding on fruits and roots, he waited there for the whole day. When it was evening, he swam to the mainland, carrying with himself only a piece of gold. He went to the house of a barbar, his friend since childhood, and had a hair-cut. The friend fetched him new clothes. Subir then proceeded to meet Sushila.

True to his thinking, Sushila had refused to marry Chaman or anybody else. Through her father Subir sought an appointment with the king. Upon meeting the king he told him all the travails he had undergone.



The king advised him to remain in disguise for a few days. A careful investigation showed that the letter which Subir had brought was to be delivered to the minister's son. Later, the minister himself had joined the conspirators. In fact, they had set up a well-designed plot to assassinate the king. The minister looked forward to be crowned king himself!

The plot was squashed. The guilty were punished. Subir was appointed the king's new minister—of course after he had had enough time to marry Sushila and to fetch the wealth from the cave in the rock island.

A PAIR OF CUCKOOS!

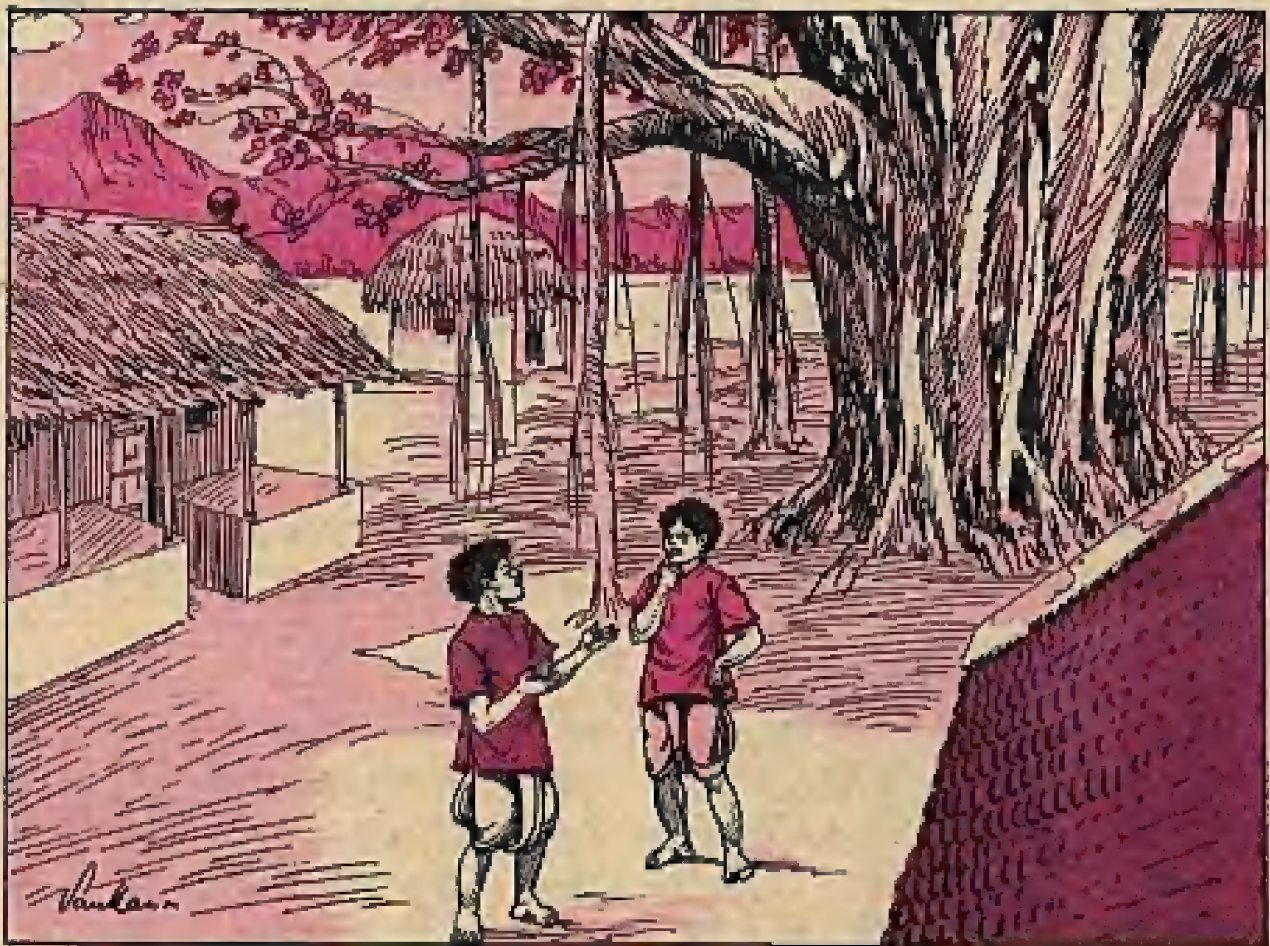
While walking along the village road Jagu heard the cooing of a cuckoo. He guessed that the sound came from a banian tree.

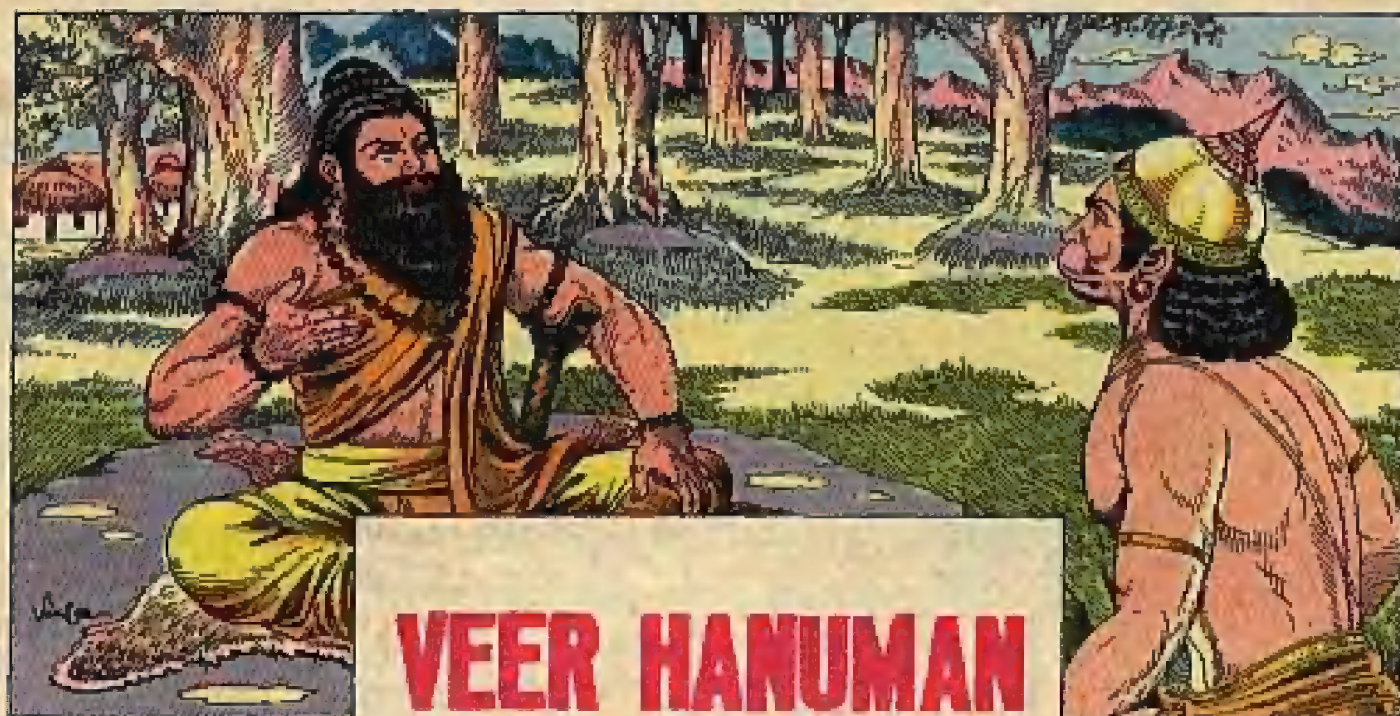
He mimicked the cuckoo. At that the cuckoo seemed encouraged and it sang with greater gusto. Jagu competed with it in cooing till he felt tired.

Then he walked towards home. Under the banian tree he met his friend, Ravi.

"I heard from some distance a cuckoo singing in this tree. I mimicked it and it responded lustily!" he informed Ravi.

Ravi looked amused. "Dear friend! It was I who had given out a coo just for fun. When I heard a response, I went on cooing louder, thinking that the response came from a real cuckoo!"





VEER HANUMAN

On his way to Ayodhya Hanuman halted at the Ashram of Sage Valmiki and asked him, "O Great Soul! How could such a tragedy occur?"

Answered Valmiki quietly, "O Hanuman, to rule a kingdom according to the strict norms of dharma is an extremely hard task. But Rama is determined to prove that it is possible to accomplish the task. A kingdom is comprised of all sorts of people—good, bad, conscientious as well as cruel. The society is a collective body. In such a body, just as one's virtues were capable of bringing good to all, so also one's vices could pollute the atmosphere for all. A sage or an enlightened king can foresee when the sins

of one or a few were going to cause a devastation in the kingdom. He decides to suffer himself, taking upon himself the consequence of others' evil so that the kingdom as a whole can be spared. Rama has done the same."

Hanuman had a glimpse of the hut in which Sita had lived; he wandered along the places where Lava and Kusha used to play. The boys, while practising archery used to take aim at the trees. Hanuman was delighted to see the marks. After touching the ground of Sita's hut with his head, Hanuman rose to the sky and flew in the direction of Ayodhya.

From far could be seen the monuments of the wonderful



city of Ayodhya. At their sight Hanuman felt thrilled and sad at the same time, that he would not be able to see Sita, was a matter of deep anguish for him, that he would soon see not only Rama but also his sons, was a matter of great joy for him. For a while he thought that he should never have left Ayodhya.

He descended in the garden adjoining Rama's palace. Lava and Kusha were then trying their hands at various games with their bows and arrows. As soon as they saw Hanuman, they started shooting arrows at him, not to wound or harass him, but to create a wall of

arrows around him.

"How to know that you are not a wizard disguised as Hanuman? We certainly know of Maricha who could assume the shape of a golden deer!" said Lava and he put an arrow to his bow.

But Kusha checked Lava. Looking at Hanuman, he said, "Until you have proved yourself to be the true Hanuman, you have to remain a prisoner.

"We have heard that Hanuman is capable of assuming a gigantic form. If you can do the same, we shall know you to be the true Hanuman," suggested Lava.

Hanuman smiled and began to enlarge himself. He took the amazed twins on his shoulders and carried them into the sky. "I had carried Rama and Lakshmana on my shoulders, in this manner, when they were out to kill Mahiravana," Hanuman informed the princes.

When he descended, Lava and Kusha bowed to him and said, "O Hero nonpareil! We knew you. But we provoked you so that you will be pleased to show us your magnificent form."

The two brothers then led Hanuman to Rama's presence.

Rama could not check his tears when he saw Hanuman.

Hanuman suppressed his own emotion and said, "My lord, you ought not to be sentimental as any ordinary human being. Rulers of all times to come are to learn from your example of suffering and sacrifice for the sake of the people. It is we, Mother Sita's children, who must bemoan her departure. So far as you are concerned, you know the mystery of all that is happening. You ought not to look sad."

"Hanuman! Your words bring me much relief. But it is impossible to get over the shock of losing Sita. Over and above that, if the proposed *Aswamedha Yajna* too is foiled, my agony will know no end. The wandering horse has headed towards Manipur. I want you to follow it and protect it."

Hanuman flew towards Manipur. While on his way he saw a forest below. His eyes soon fell on a ferocious-looking demon and a demoness. Both were drunk. They shrieked and laughed wildly. Curiosity got the better of Hanuman. He reduced himself to a small and subtle form and descended on the branch of a tree.



The demoness was saying gleefully, "We demons believe in harassing the enemy till their end. I have avenged the death of my brother. O Karalakantha! You acted marvellously well in the role of my husband, on the outskirts of Ayodhya!"

"Surpanakha! You too did very well in the role of my wife," the demon congratulated the demoness.

By and by Hanuman understood that Karalakantha was the younger brother of the demon, Shatamukha, who had fallen to Sita's arrow. The demon was wandering around Ayodhya, looking for a chance to wreck his vengeance on Rama



and Sita. It was in a strange circumstance that he had come to meet Surpanakha who too was loitering around Ayodhya looking for a chance to avenge her brother Ravana's death. Both were in the guise of human beings. One evening, feeling quite hungry, Surpanakha coveted the disguised demon. She smiled at him in order to attract him. The demon too was hungry and he decided to have the disguised demoness as his food for the night.

They walked into a lonely area. Surpanakha was under the impression that Karalakantha was following her, attracted by her. Then, sudden-

ly, she assumed her true form in order to eat up the demon. Just then the demon too assumed his real form in order to eat up the demoness.

They looked at each other, quite amazed. "So, you are no human being, but a demon!" exclaimed Surpanakha. "And you are a demoness, after all!" exclaimed Karalakantha. They became friends. They pretended to be a human couple and criticised Rama for his accepting Sita which resulted in Sita's banishment.

"We are lucky that Hanuman was not at Ayodhya. It would have been hard to deceive that clever chap!" observed the demon.

"My blood boils at that name!" warned the demoness.

"Does it really boil? I am afraid, it freezes!" commented the demon.

"The wicked creature reduced our golden fort to a heap of ashes!" lamented the demoness and she showed a scar on her back caused by the fall of a burning beam.

"The fort was gone. But what a pity that the scar remains!" observed the demon.

"Don't tease me!" Surpanakha showed anger.

"Don't get upset. Do you think the name of Hanuman sounds very sweet to me?" asked the demon.

"But you are a coward. Otherwise you would not have fled the battlefield while your brother was in danger," remarked the demoness.

"It is only because I had escaped that I could avenge my brother's death and befriend a charming demoness like you," said the demon.

"You are very cunning. Anyway, let us build a hut and live happily," proposed the demoness.

"But here is yet another opportunity to give a blow to Rama. We can steal his wandering horse marked for the *Yajna*," said the demon.

"You are a wise guy. Let us do so. I wish to ride that horse. I had a yard-long beautiful nose which I lost to Lakshmana's sword. Capturing and riding their horse should be some compensation!" said the demoness.

"Keeping the horse with us would be risky. Rama would come to know of it and give us a battle. We must destroy the horse forthwith. Rama's proposed *Yajna* will be foiled without the horse. His pride will be



smashed!" said the demon.

"Then let us find out the animal and gobble it up!" proposed Surpanakha.

"You greedy girl! Don't you have any interest apart from gobbling up things?" the demon mildly chided the demoness.

Hanuman threw a few leaves on them.

"Look here, we are showered with flowers from heaven!" exclaimed the demoness.

"Don't speak nonsense. Where are flowers? There are only leaves!" observed the demon.

"Flowers or leaves, let us hurry to finish Rama's horse!" said Surpanakha.

As they were about to proceed, Hanuman extended his tail and checked them. The huge tail coiled around them.

"Snake! A terrible snake! Whence comes this?" exclaimed the demon in great surprise.

Surpanakha surveyed the tail with keenness. She looked pale.

"This is no snake. For us this is the noose from the God of Death! This is Hanuman's tail!" she managed to say.

"Why should Hanuman come to this forest? You are mistaken", said the demon.

"Can I ever make a mistake in recognising the tail that had burnt down our golden fort?" answered the demoness remorsefully.

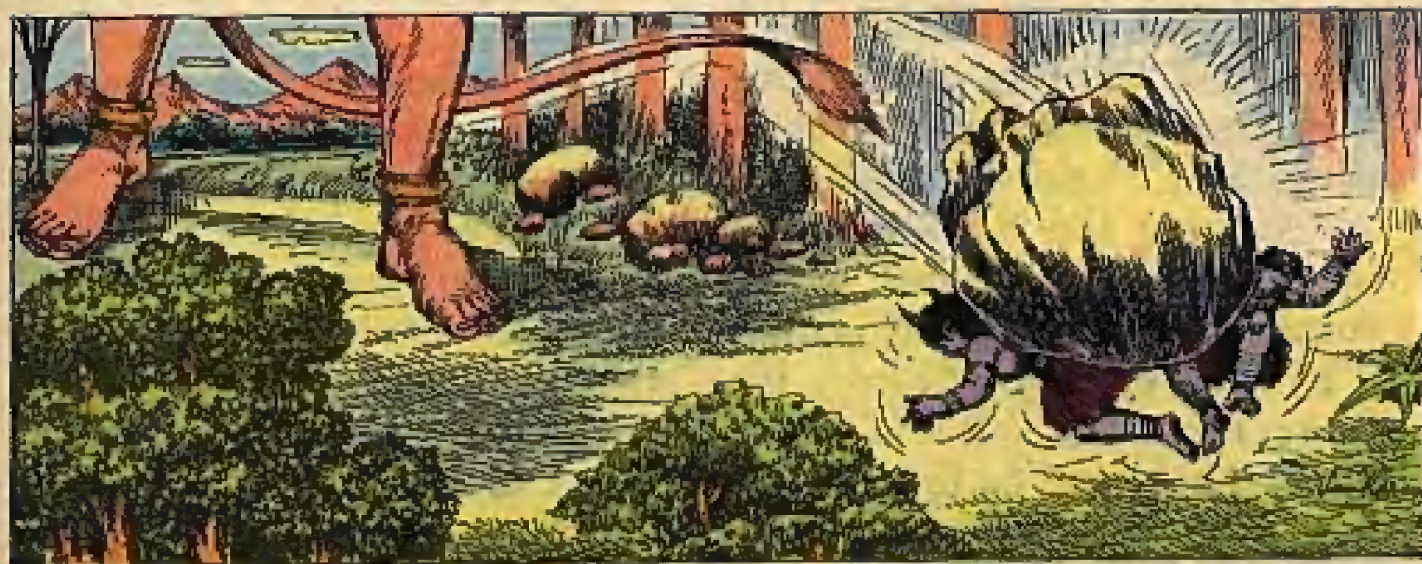
Suddenly the demon jumped up in a bid to run away.

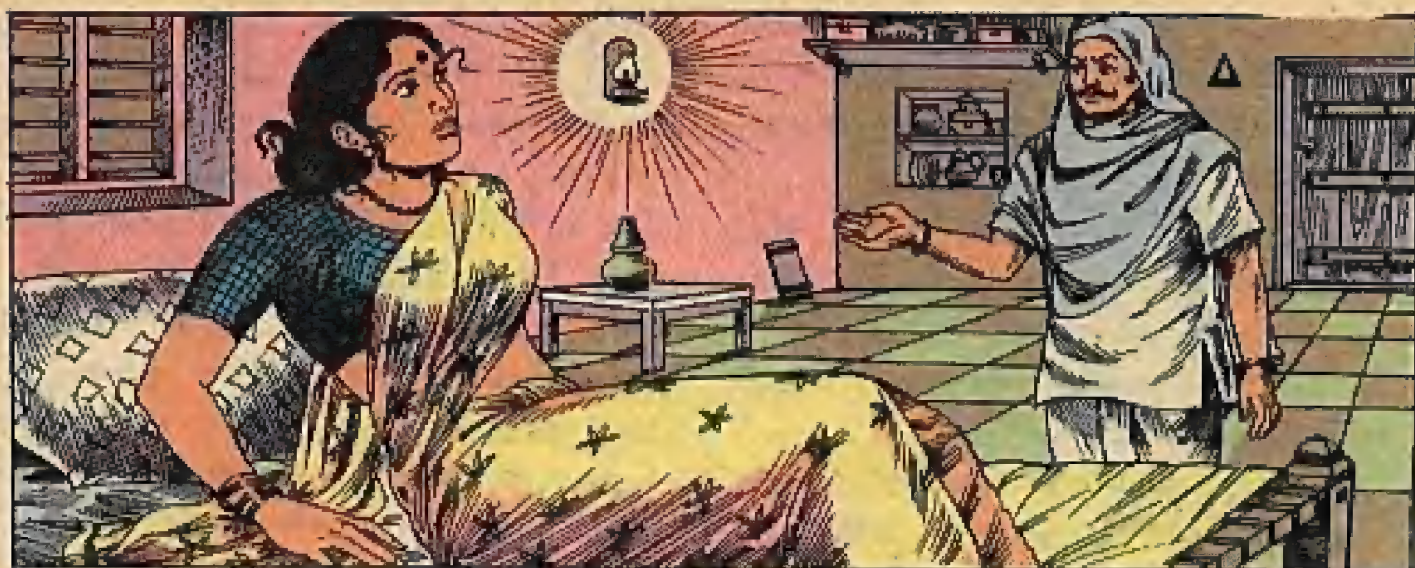
"Where are you going, leaving me alone, you treacherous fellow?" shouted the demoness and she grabbed the demon.

Hanuman hopped down and stood before them, looking fearful yet majestic. The demon and the demoness gave out cries of horror and started running. Hanuman uprooted a huge rock and threw it at them. They were crushed to death.

Hanuman rose to the sky again and flew towards Manipur. He crossed the Ganga branching out in various directions. He saw the Brahmaputra looking like a silver necklace.

The land of Manipur was seen on the horizon. Hanuman noticed something dazzling like a string of lightning at the kingdom's border and disappearing. He flew in that direction.





THE LURE OF HALWA

It won't be easy for you to find another miser like Gangoo of our village. He was reluctant to arrange for the marriage of Susheela, his only child, because that would mean spending money. Even if the marriage was to be performed in the most austere way, say, through an exchange of garlands, yet the garlands would cost money and the priest would demand a fee!

And if by any chance you knew Bharat, Gangoo's neighbour, you will agree with us that he was a fine young man, the most eligible bridegroom for Susheela. The poor fellow was eager to marry Susheela and he was the last person to

demand any dowry. But Gangoo showed no interest in the proposal. Secretly he looked for some bridegroom who would pay him some money for marrying Susheela!

One day, passing through the bazar, Gangoo saw a shop selling *halwa*. He stood in front of it and observed people buying and eating the stuff. He too grew a strong desire to eat some, but he was not willing to spend money on it.

"I will prepare *halwa* myself and eat to my heart's content. That would be much cheaper," he thought. But he was not prepared to share the delicacy with his wife and daughter. He bought the necessary materials

and one fine morning told his wife, "I am going to the town; shall not be back before night-fall."

He went into the forest and began cooking *halwa*. He planned to spend the whole day there, eating the *halwa* in three instalments.

While making the *halwa*, he was thrilled with the smell of the *ghee*. The stuff was ready. He too was quite hungry.

Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him. Four strong men appeared as if from nowhere. They lifted Gangoo and threw him away. Then they sat down and finished the *halwa*. Only then Gangoo remembered that the forest was a haunt of dacoits.

"No use giving you a little for tasting. That will only make you desire more. But we assure you that you have cooked well,"

said the dacoits. They thanked him before leaving the spot.

By noon Gangoo was awfully hungry. He returned home. He did not find his wife and daughter. With kind smiles the neighbours informed him that Susheela was getting married to Bharat in the temple. Gangoo's first impulse was to feel sure that the money he accumulated was safe. But he found out that it was not. His wife had dug out the whole lot.

He rushed to the temple. The marriage had already been performed. His wife had bought new clothes for the bride and the bridegroom and had spent the surplus money on feeding the poor.

Susheela and Bharat bowed to Gangoo. He blessed them, muttering unconsciously, "O my *halwa*!"





THE REWARD

In ancient China lived a rich landlord whose only child was Tong, a son.

"My son, when I die, do feed the people of our village sumptuously. Build a beautiful monument in my memory. Do you promise to do so?" the landlord would ask his son.

"I promise, father," Tong would reply.

"That is like a good boy. I have heard my father and grandfather saying that a son who is devoted to his father is loved by the nymphs. However, I hope, I will leave enough wealth for you to do the needful," the landlord would say.

This was when Tong was a child. By the time the landlord died, he had grown up to be a young man. But unfortunately, the landlord's luck had waned and he had become a

pauper at the time of his death.

"It was my father's fond desire that all the people of our village be fed and a monument be erected upon his death. I will fail in my duty if I do not fulfil his wish," Tong told his friends.

"It is foolish of you to say so now that you are a poor man," commented his friends.

But Tong was not influenced by others. He wrote on a board his own price if anyone would like to have him as a life-long servant and hung the board on his chest and sat in the slave market.

The price he demanded for himself was quite high. So many would-be buyers saw him, but none would have him.

A nobleman happened to pass through the market towards the close of the day. He saw Tong

and read what was written on the board. From Tong's features, the nobleman understood that he was a truthful young man. He told his clerk to hand over to Tong the price he demanded and booked him as his servant.

With his permission, Tong returned to his village and performed the feast and built the monument in his father's memory. Thereafter he left for the nobleman's house. The villagers could not but weep at such a noble-hearted and dutiful young man leaving them to work as a life-long slave.

The nobleman was highly

satisfied with Tong's work.

After a year's hard work, Tong fell ill. He lived in a small house, deserted but for himself, behind his master's mansion. At night, when he was half awake, he felt someone nursing him and singing to him. The melody would bring him back to his full sense. He would open his eyes and see a charming figure leaning on his bed. He would dismiss what he saw as hallucination.

But soon he completely recovered and realised that he was really nursed by a beautiful young lady.

"Who are you?" he asked



respectfully.

"I am one who is to be your wife, if you have no objection to it," was the reply.

Tong stood speechless. Then he stammered out, "Are you sure of what you are saying? I am only a poor slave. I can hardly provide you with food and clothes!"

"You are not a poor slave, but a noble young man. In any case, you won't have to worry about my needs. I should be able to manage them," said the young lady.

Tong took her hands into his own and stood speechless again. Then they went into the village temple and got married.

Tong had to spend the whole day at his master's house. But when he returned to his abode, he found its appearance changed. Everything looked tidy, clean, and decent. His wife had prepared a delicious dish for him. He did not feel like asking her how she did it.

Next evening he found her knitting some garments. They looked wonderful. Her fingers moved so rapidly that one could hardly see them. But she would never knit before anybody save her husband.

Soon the garments made by



Tong's wife were in great demand. She charged high price for them, still landlords and aristocrats flocked to buy them. Ladies of the rich houses requested her to teach them her art. They were willing to pay her any amount she would demand. But her simple reply was, "You cannot learn the art even if I teach you with all sincerity!"

A year passed. One evening she told Tong, "Let us return to our home."

"How? Am I not a life-long slave?" Tong asked remorsefully.

"You are a slave no more,"

said his wife and she showed him a paper signed by his master which released him from the bondage.

"Is this true? Is this true?" shouted Tong in ecstasy and he ran to his master and asked him about it.

"Yes, dear Tong, your wife has secured your release by paying up the lawful amount," said the nobleman gently.

The villagers greatly rejoiced at Tong's return to his old house. They received his wife with warm admiration. Soon Tong became the proud father of a son. But thereafter his wife looked more and more absent-minded. Whenever her eyes fell on Tong, she smiled sadly.

Tong had bought back his father's lost estate with his wife's money. He had a number of

servants in his household. His wife taught one of them, a good-natured woman, to take proper care of her son.

Then, upon a full-moon night, she called Tong to the terrace of their house. Tears drizzling in her eyes, she said, "It is time for me to leave you."

"What do you mean?" asked the bewildered Tong.

"I am a nymph who had come down to reward you for your devotion towards your father. As soon as I gave birth to a human child, it was indicated that I must return to my sphere. Take care of the child and lead the life of a good man," said the nymph. She looked luminous. All her human traits disappeared. As Tong knelt down before her, she vanished after giving him a kindly smile.





*New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire*

QUEER CONDUCT OF A YOUTH

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere of the cremation ground. It rained continuously and thunder shook the earth. Lightning revealed strange faces around and from time to time weird laughter could be heard.

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the tree and brought down the corpse. But as soon as he started walking with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed it said, "O King, I take you to be an intelligent man. But at times even an intelligent man is found to be behaving in a queer way. Take the case of Prasun. Let me narrate his story to you. That might give you some relief."

And went on the vampire: Prasun was born in a princely family famous for its nobleness and honesty. But when Prasun came of age, his father went bankrupt. He lost his estates



and died heart-broken.

Prasun abandoned his house and travelled to a neighbouring district. By chance he met a merchant named Dipakchand who offered him a job at his godown. Dipakchand was one of those fellows who had deceived Prasun's father and had brought about his fall. Even then Prasun did not hesitate to accept the job. He knew that he must work for his livelihood.

Dipakchand knew that Prasun, like his father, was absolutely honest and truthful and hence he would be an asset to him.

Days passed smoothly until one day Dipakchand grew furious with one of his servants and gave him a cruel beating, causing his death.

A clerk who had come forward to save the servant was falsely accused by Dipakchand to have killed the servant. The clerk was handed over to the king's police.

Along with a number of servants Prasun witnessed the event. Soon after the servant's death, Dipakchand grew panicky. He called Prasun aside and said, "The king knew your father. He will believe you. If in your testimony before him you say that it is not I but the clerk who killed the servant, I will give you a lakh of rupees and will help you to restore your father's estates."

"All right," said Prasun.

Dipakchand, however, could not be sure that Prasun will oblige him. He sent a servant to Prasun's house. The servant told Prasun, "Don't you think that it will be wrong to implicate the innocent clerk in the killing?"

"I am not bothered about right or wrong. Dipakchand is my master. It is my duty to see that he is saved," replied Prasun.

Dipakchand was happy at the servant's report. In the afternoon, upon a visit to Prasun's house, Dipakchand heard the dead servant's wife telling Prasun, "Sir, my husband was killed unjustly. I will feel some solace if his murderer, Dipakchand, is punished. But I hear that you are out to save the real murderer and lay the blame on an innocent fellow. Is this true?"

"Must I explain my conduct to you? I am in Dipakchand's service. I will serve him in whatever way he orders me to serve him! Don't you understand this simple logic?" replied Prasun.

The woman cursed him and left, Dipakchand felt assured that Prasun would really come to his rescue.

Next day the case came up before the king. When the king learnt who Prasun was, he felt sure that he will get a correct picture of the incident. His hope was not belied. Without the least hesitation Prasun declared that the servant had been killed by Dipakchand and not by the poor clerk!

The clerk was set free. Dipakchand confessed to his crime and was arrested.



The vampire paused for a moment and asked, "Tell me, O King, didn't Prasun prove himself a fickle-minded fellow? Why did he change his mind and turn a liar? Is it to avenge the wrong Dipakchand might have done to his father? If he was to reveal that Dipakchand was the killer, why then did he not say it from the beginning? Answer my questions, O King, if you can. Your head would roll off your shoulder if you know the answers but choose to keep mum!"

Answered King Vikram: "Prasun cannot be said to have turned a liar. He was truthful,



but he was not a simpleton. Born in a princely family, he knew when to speak the truth. There was no question of his avenging whatever wrong Dipakchand had done to his father. He was serving his master honestly.

"If he agreed to Dipakchand's offer, it was to pave the way for justice. Had he disagreed

Dipakchand would have bribed others and led false witnesses to the king's court. In his despair, he might have even conspired to kill Prasun. Thus, Prasun acted just as a sensible man should act."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE FORT OF JAISALMER

Jaisalmer, the magnificent fort-city in the great Indian desert, is situated on the north-western part of Rajasthan. The city derives its name from Rawal Jaisal who founded it in the 12th century.

The remnants of the old fort are to be seen on the 250-foot high Trikoot hill. Inside the fort stands the old palace built by the Bhati Rajputs, with umbrella-shaped attics and balconies and cupolas decorated with beautiful stone tracery.



FLOWERS THAT FAILED

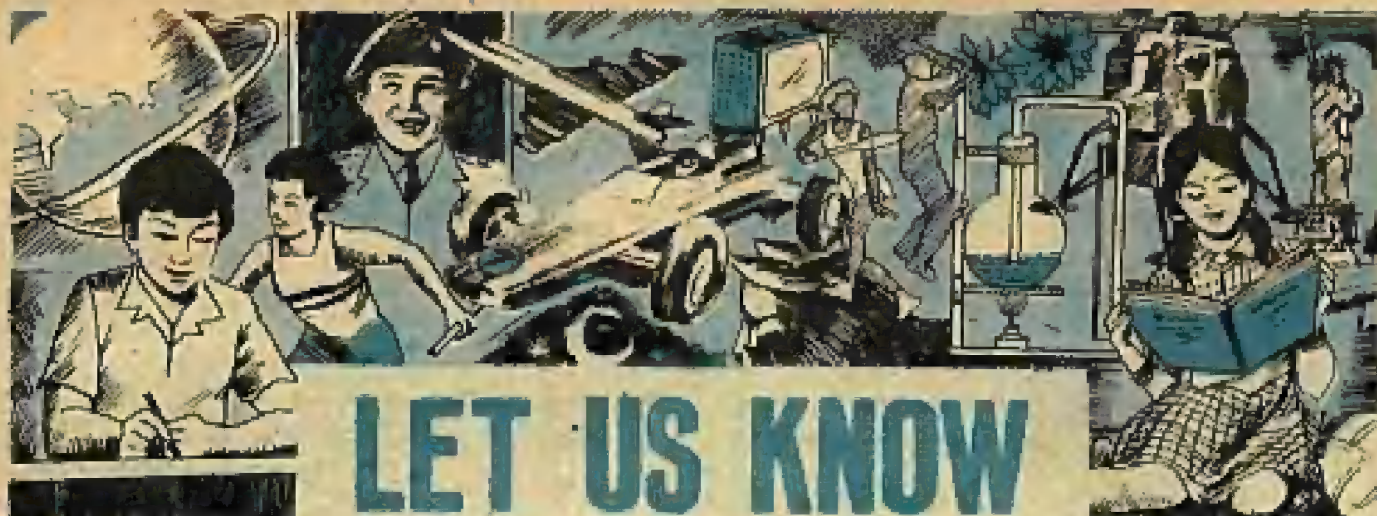
It was Lily's birthday. Jay spent a long time in the market selecting and buying flowers. He then tied them together with a silk ribbon and, sporting a broad smile, advanced to present them to Lily at her home. Lily looked delighted and her relatives look happy. All went well until Jay, while handing over the flowers to Lily, announced proudly, "Here is a *bundle* of fresh flowers for you!" Someone giggled and Lily looked embarrassed. She kept away the flowers hastily in her bid to get over the awkward situation.

Needless to say, Jay should have said "a bouquet of flowers" or "a bunch of flowers"; not "a bundle". Let us be sure about some words denoting group:

a *bundle* of hay, sticks; a *bunch* of flowers, keys, grapes; a *chain* or *range* of mountains; a *fleet* of ships; a *sheaf* of corn; a *stack* of wood, hay.

Men will be known by the nature of their group: A *crew* of sailors; a *gang* of thieves; a *mob* of rioters; a *board* of directors; an *army* of soldiers; a *troupe* of actors, performers.





LET US KNOW

What is Homoeopathy? Who introduced it?

M. N. Gopal, Bombay.

The law on which the system of homoeopathy is based is known as *Similia Similibus Curantur*, meaning, likes are cured by likes. These words had been first used by Paracelsus (1490—1541), a German physician. But it was Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann (1755—1843), another German physician, who proved the truth which this law contained. He is the celebrated founder of the system of homoeopathy. *Homois* means 'like' and *pathos* means 'disease'.

Through his research, Hahnemann came to the conclusion that in a healthy person a drug produces symptoms which are similar to the symptoms of a certain disease. In a sick person showing the symptoms of the disease, the same drug works to cure the disease.

Hahnemann advocated that the curative qualities of a medicine can be proved only by its application on healthy persons.

Most homoeopaths try to cure a disease by prescribing minute doses of drugs.

Hahnemann was a great genius and a seer, who was far ahead of his time. For his bold ideas and experiments he had to experience continuous harassment. But he built and advocated a system in which many modern thinkers find a sound knowledge of psychology and a deep sense of sympathy, indispensable for successful treatment of the patients.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backload of questions.)

CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chandamama, 2 & 3 Arcot Road, Madras - 600 026, to reach us by 20th of August. A reward of Rs. 25.00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the October '78 issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the Photo-Caption Contest).



Once a wandering prince spent a night as a king's guest. He praised his host in many ways and asked him, "How have you maintained such a large army in such an orderly way?"

The flattered king replied, "If you keep a dog hungry, it will always follow you."

The prince thanked him for the secret and left him. A few months later one day the king saw that his army had left him. Soon his kingdom was attacked and he was a prisoner. The invader was the prince!

"How did you win over my army?" asked the surprised king.

The prince replied, "While returning from your palace, I saw a hungry dog following its master. The moment I offered a piece of bread to the dog it left its master and followed me. That put the idea into my mind!"

Result of Story Title Contest held in June Issue

The Prize is awarded to:

Ms. Shoba Moorthy

R/454/B, New Quarters, Calcutta Airport,
Calcutta 700 052.

Winning Entry — 'THE BURGLER WHO NEVER WAS'

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Anant Desai



Ms. Kodak Limited

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 25 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th AUGUST.
- Winning captions will be announced in OCTOBER issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to :

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS - 600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in June Issue

The Prize is awarded to:

Ms. R. Bhanu,

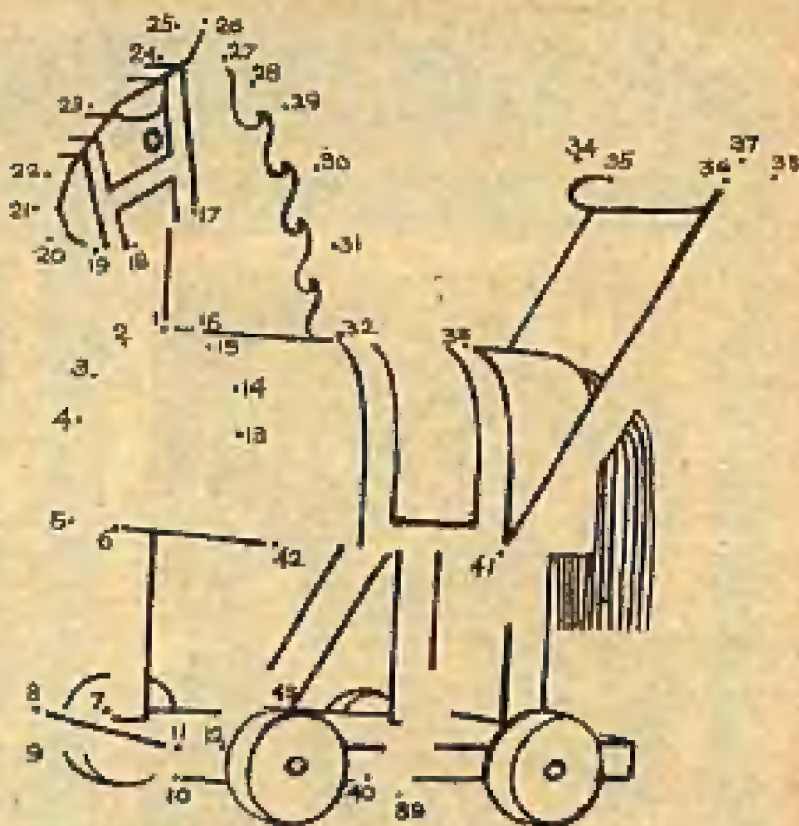
64, 8 'B' Main, Jayenagar,

Bangalore 560 011.

Winning Entry — 'One to Care' - 'Two to Share'

PUZZLE TIME

Join up the dots Nos. 1-43 to complete this picture of a push-along toy horse. Afterwards, you can colour it with your brightest colours.



Can you name these seashore creatures? And do you know which of them is the smallest and which is the largest?



Answer: a. Common Prawn; b. Starfish; c. Cushion star; d. Hermit crab; e. Sandhopper; f. Lobster. The Sandhopper is the smallest and the lobster the largest.

enter all India camel colour contest

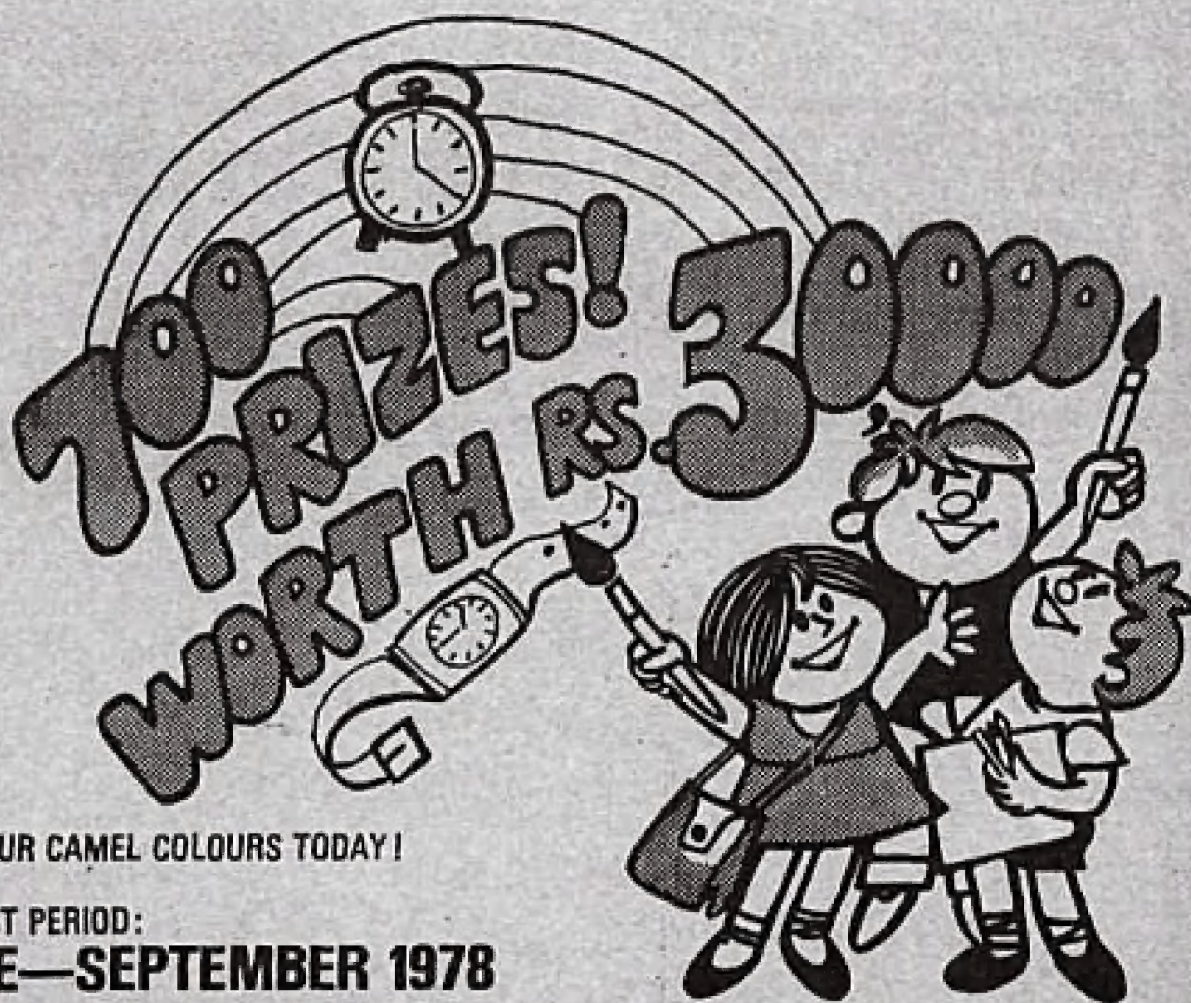


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CUT AND KEEP

Bournvita

Wonder Page of Inventions-2

The Wonder of the Electric Bulb

Inventor : Thomas Alva Edison
1847-1931 U.S.A.

Principle : Electrical energy can be converted to light and heat energy

Year : 1879

How does the electric bulb work?

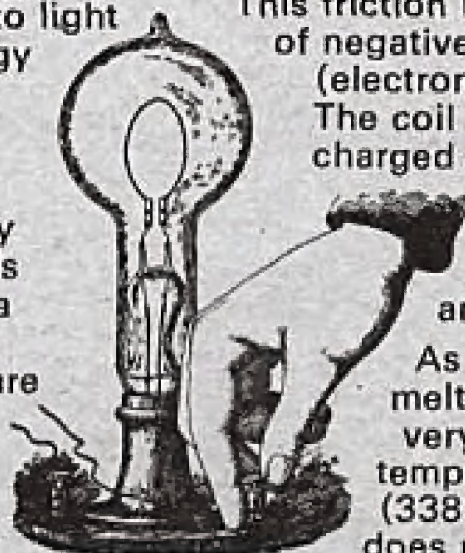
The electric bulb basically consists of two metal rods which are connected by a very fine, heavily-coiled tungsten wire. The rods are placed in a glass bulb which is filled with a mixture of nitrogen and argon gases.

When you switch on the light, an electric current passes through the fine tungsten coil. The tungsten

coil, being very thin, offers high resistance to the flow of current, creating a kind of electric friction. This friction knocks vast numbers of negatively charged particles (electrons) out of the coil. The coil becomes positively charged and re-attracts the electrons back.

This releases energy in the form of heat and light.

As tungsten melts only at very high temperatures (3380°C), the coil does not melt. It also does not burn since there is no oxygen in the glass bulb.



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CUT AND KEEP

CUT AND KEEP

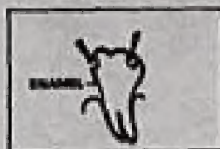
0668/MB0

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from painful cavities

Get Signal 2

with the most effective Fluoride formula
to harden teeth against decay

A toothache isn't just painful. It's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.

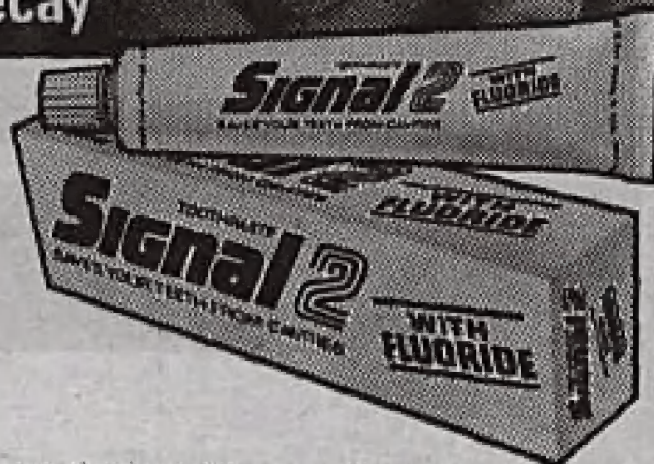
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